

De La Soul Lyrics

"Oooh!"

(feat. Redman)

[Redman (doing Run-D.M.C.'s "Together Forever (Live at Hollis Park '84)")]

Party people, your dreams have now been fulfilled

Get your ass up, and let's get ill

That's right y'all, we more than rough, we callin your bluff

And when it comes to rhymes... (Brick City)

[Pos]

Yo, don't scandalize mine

I spent too much time

Straight talk with the catch to etch my line walk

Never fetchin for crime, halt! Who goes there?

[Dove]

Yo, it's the squeeze of five fingers, puffin Smokey the Bear

Shinin black like Darth Vader caps, they on stare

[Pos]

While we rockin it, I'll rock in it (rock in it)

Like the little ball inside the spray can

Providing three coats for both child, woman and man

[Chorus One: Redman]

God bless the God, lay these Streets Wall to Wall

It go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

Yo, you got popped like a flick by that rivalry click

It went - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

[Pos]

It ain't my fault your ass is on the ashphalt

Got your chin touched by my fam who though you brought harm, you see

I'm iced out like a glass of tea

Better yet, oatmeal cookies, y'all just rookies to me

Slidin' up and down the court, but I don't think you can D

Why try? Maseo be gettin high since Luke was Luke Skywalk'

Man, my topic of talk is sheddin shame all over your game

Like them shorties who claim that afrocentric lovin is the past drug

A life filled with (TWEET) that's what thugs love

Snatch you fast, wrap that ass in the rug of your choice

while it muffles your voice

[Dove]

Now when I'm swimmin through the joint, I put the funk on hold

Cause if you don't, you'll see the bubbles come up

We run up a tab and gladly add a little extra for miss

Flashy faces with bigger lips for that ass to kiss

[Pos]

Most crews are post-current while we're forever
Direct beats that's contagious, loved by all ages
Graduated from the you-and-I-versity
of hard-hitters, for real

[Chorus Two: Redman]

I got niggas in the streets that'll blast your ass for the shine
And get - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, if you a fat chick gettin your fuck on tonight
Then go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, put your hands opposite to the ground if you're lovin our sound
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, and to my broke niggaz on the corner holdin me down
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

[Dove]

Yo, I swear Tommy gonna get it, he done did me wrong
I had plans to buy more land, plant corn
Bust kernels on heat, work hard like wetbacks
Set backs is gonna get my ass to be hostile
Rockwilder the beat, top dollar defeat
Big money's make the big decisions
Keep hip-hop alive, it's just an intermission
Back to the second half of the feature flick
Dick stacks and fuck rap

[Pos]

I had a name for makin paper since paper mache
Now my dollar coins join pounds of yen for play
While you broke niggaz reach drunk much quicker
You don't make enough bread to soak up all your liquor
Went from God to God damn

[Redman]

Damn God, you're killin it
Should incorporate it, invest half a mil' in it
Rap cats talk with no will in it

[Pos]

Soundin like they virtual
This joint'll hurt you, yo

[Dove]

Twas the night before Christmas and my crib got robbed
(shhh shhh shh, shhhh) They did a job
Took all my goodies out from under the tree, except the CD's
of shiny-suit rappers and flossin emcees
who fail at takin it to rhyme degrees

[Pos]

Man, you know no wack poems get no play in our homes
You need to not get nappy with me

Or else we gon' "relax your mind, let your conscious be free"

[Chorus Three: Redman]

Yo, where my Wall Street niggaz, if ya up in the stands

Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

To my women that'll throw they hands against they punk-ass man

Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

Yo, if you never been shot or stabbed

Brick City go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

Yo, I gotta catch a cab back to the lab so I can smoke

Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!